Lord. That's the least feare.
For by the semblance of their white flags displaid, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou speak'st like hymmes vntuter'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest shew, meanes most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we feare, the ground's the lowest,
And we are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall we attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, & what he craues.

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If warres, we are vnable to resist.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernor, for so we heare you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
We haue heard your miseries as farre as *Tyre*,
And seene the desolation of your streetes,
Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,
But to release them of their heauy load,
And these our ships you happily may thinke,
Are like the Troian horse, was stuft within
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are stor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger staru'd halfe dead.

Omnes. The Gods of Greece protect you,
And wee'l pray for you.

Per. Arise I pray you, arise; we doe not looke for reuerence, but for loue, and harborage for our selfe, our ships, and men.

Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankfulnesse in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children, or our selues,
The curse of heauen and men succeed their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) shall nere be seene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Per.

Per. Which welcome wee'l accept, feast here a while,
Vntill our Stars that frowne, lend vs a smile. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here haue you seene a mighty King,
His childe Iwis to incest bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will proue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessity:
Ile shew you those in troubles raigne,
Losing a myte, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuersation,
To whom I giue my benizon,
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tydings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your eyes, what need speake I.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one doore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Traine with thē: Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shewes the letter to Cleon, Pericles giues the Messenger a reward, and Knights him.

Exit Pericles at one doore, and Cleon at another.

Good *Hellican* that staid at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he striue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his Princes desire,
Sau'd one of all that haps in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with sinne,
And had intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharsis* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:

He